THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

Weekly Theatrical Report.

NUMBER XXIV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1800.

Ipse sum regnum mihi: turbidæque
Dissidens plebi, neque miror emptas
Cædibus lauros, neque fixa regum
Postibus arma.

Sic suo gaudet sapiens recessu;
Seque tranquillus potitur, Deoque:
Et silens dicit sibi multa, sese
Major et orbe.

The First Volume of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in Sets, half-bound, price Seven Shillings, by applying to the Publishers, J. ROACH, Russel-court, Drury-lane; or C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *June* 6, 1800.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE—*Cobb.* OF AGE TO-MORROW.

THOSE who prefer puppet-show and sing-song to that rational gratification, which a cultivated mind derives from a well-conducted and legi-

timate drama; from just delineation of character, regularity of plot, and appropriate dialogue, &c. those, indeed, may experience pleasure from Mr. COBB's writings, or rather from the *manufacture* of COBB and Co. for certainly the composer and the scene-painter furnish the principal attractions of Mr. COBB's Operas. It affords a damning proof of the frivolity and vitiated taste of the age, that such writers are tolerated; but music, when carried to excess, and made an object of *primary*, instead of *secondary* concern, has an infallible tendency to enervate and debauch the mind. Hence the importance, of late years, attached to *music-men*, and *ballad-mongers*; especially if the *music-man* happens to be of *foreign* extraction, with a *damn'd crabbed name*, which staggers a plain man to pronounce, and almost distorts the *Maz-ard* of honest *John Bull!*

In compliment to Mrs. CROUCH, who took her Benefit this evening, Madam BOLLA, of the Opera House, sustained the part of *Lilla*; and Miss CLARA DIXON, likewise of the *Operatic Corps*, was the representative of *Ghita*. A young lady made her *debut* in the character of the *Page*.

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *June* 6, 1800.

THE BIRTH DAY—*T. Dibdin.* THE DESERTER OF NAPLES. ST. DAVID's DAY—*T. Dibdin.*

FOR the Benefit of Mr. DELPINI, and Mr. KING. The former gentleman supported the part of *Skirmish*;

mish; the latter, that of *Simpkin*, in the Pantomime.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *June* 7, 1800.

THE INCONSTANT—*Farquhar*. ROSINA—*Mrs. Brook*.

THE performances of this Evening were for the Benefit of Miss STEPHENS. Miss HEARD sustained, for the first time, the character of *Oriana*. It is astonishing, what a number of new parts this lady has performed this season, and approved herself respectable in all. She is, what is technically termed, a remarkably *quick study*, and this the Manager appears to be fully sensible of; for to *her* he has recourse on all occasions of emergency, and in *her* he finds a resource which never fails him.

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *June* 7, 1800.

THE BUSY BODY—*Mrs. Centlivre*. THE IRISH MIMIC—*O'Keefe*.

MR. HOLMAN's acting operates on the audience by *reverse* principles. He makes us *laugh* most, when most he endeavours to be *serious*: he never discovers any portion of the *vis comica*, except when he aims at *sentiment* and *pathos*.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *June* 9, 1800.

INDISCRETION—*P. Hoare*. THE SCOTCH GHOST. OF AGE TO-MORROW.

MISS HEARD, in consequence of the indisposi-

tion of Miss BIGGS, sustained the part of *Fanny*. Wonderful exertions appear to be made to protract, as much as possible, the lingering existence of the *New Comedy*. As its inherent dullness, however, baffles all attempts to render it popular, (the unbounded applause with which it is received by a crowded and brilliant audience, being entirely confined to the Play-bills, and constituting what is technically termed among theatrical ladies and gentlemen, a *fudge!)* we would recommend to the author to try its success as a *Tragedy*, for which it is certainly sufficiently soporific and heavy. The "*bushy-wig* and *pig's eyes*" song! the music to which is of a very pleasing and plaintive cast, might easily be replaced by words of a more serious and tragic import.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *June* 9, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton*. PAUL AND VIRGINIA —*Cobb*.

MR. MORTON's Plough was brought into the field this evening, for the *forty first* and *last* time this season. It has rendered good "suit and service" to the concern.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *June* 10, 1800.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—*R. B. Sheridan*. SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD — *Colman*. THE SHIPWRECK—*S. Arnold*.

WE are not of the number of those, who always swim

swim with the tide, and follow implicitly the current of popular opinion. Hence we feel free to own, that Mrs. JORDAN's performance of *Lady Teazle* does not meet with our approbation.

In the Entertainment of the *Shipwreck*—an Entertainment, by the bye, from which we are not able to derive much gratification—Miss ARNE sustained, for the first time (that lady having a joint-share in the receipts of the night) the character of *Angelica Coto*.

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *June* 10, 1800.

THE BEGGARS OPERA—*J. Gay.* THE GUARDIAN—*Garrick.*

MR. INCLEDON, little claim as he has to the title of an *actor*, is certainly, with all his defects, a much better representative of *Captain Mackeath*, than Mr. KELLY. In other respects, we give the preference, as to the manner of getting up this play, to Drury-Lane Theatre. Miss DE CAMP's *Lucy* is a *chef d'œuvre*.

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *June* 11, 1800.

THE MOUNTAINEERS — *Colman.* THE CITIZEN—*A. Murphy.*

THE *Mountaineers* is a Play which exhibits many specimens of fine writing, and proves that the author has formed his style from the best masters, and that he has particularly kept SHAKESPEAR in his eye.

Mr.

Mr. RAYMOND sustained this Evening, for the first time, the interesting character of *Octavian*, to which, it is but justice to add, he did ample justice, and far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. He strongly reminded us of Mr. KEMBLE, whose manner he evidently appears to have studied, but not with the tame servility of a professed copyist. In some parts he nearly approached to the level of his illustrious original. In point of voice, he has the advantage of Mr. KEMBLE, whose skill and judgment shine the more conspicuously, when contrasted with the natural difficulties he has to encounter in this respect.

Mr. CORY performed, for the first time, the part of *Bulcazin Muley*; and Mr. ARCHER appeared (likewise, for the first time) as the representative of *Roque*, in consequence of the much regretted illness of Mr. AICKIN.

Mrs. BLAND being prevented by sudden indisposition from playing *Agnes*, the part was undertaken, at a short notice, by Miss WENTWORTH, who acquitted herself to general satisfaction, with the exception of her not being competent to give the songs, which were vociferously called for by the galleries, and caused a temporary interruption of the performance. A proper apology, however, being made by Mr. RAYMOND, the tranquillity of the Theatre was restored.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *June* 11, 1800

THE ROAD TO RUIN—*Holcroft.* THE TURNPIKE-GATE—*Knight.*

Mr. MUNDEN's personation of *Old Dornton* will ever rank among his very best performances. It is real acting, and proves him qualified to shine in a capacity which, prior to his appearance in this character, was supposed to be altogether foreign to his line and sphere.

Mr. EMERY's *Silky*, as well as Mr. DAVENPORT's *Sulky*, are likewise entitled to considerable commendation. Mr. HOLMAN, as *Harry Dornton*, by virtue of that habitual perversion, on which we before had occasion to animadvert, frequently provoked our laughter, at the very moment that he was aiming to touch the heart, and call forth the tear of sensibility.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *June* 12, 1800.

THE CHILD OF NATURE—*Mrs. Inchbald.* HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS—*Garrick.* THE SCOTCH GHOST. ROSINA—*Mrs. Brook.*

Miss CAMPBELL performed the part of the *Marchioness Merida*, in the Comedy, for the first time. It being her *joint-benefit* night, we shall not enter into any comment on her acting.

As a Musical Entertainment, *Rosina* will ever command applause, as long as the genuine principles of taste have any influence with the Public. Mr. SHIELD's compositions form a striking contrast

to

to the *rattle-trap*, on the one hand, and *dilletantiship*, on the other, of Messrs. M——, ****** and †**†. Well may we regret, that a Professor of Mr. SHIELD's talents and genius should be supplanted by a set of *quacks*, with a *mongrel music-man* at their head, who once in his life *blundered* upon common sense! With the exception of a good song or two by Mr. REEVES, can either the *Turnpike Gate*, or that still more wretched *farrago* of dullness and imbecility, yclep'd *Paul and Virginia*, produce a single air that deserves to be placed in competition with—"*Her mouth, which a smile*"—"*When the rosy morn appearing*"—or, indeed, any other of the popular airs composed by Mr. SHIELD? But there is a wonderful advantage in having a *damn'd crabbed, outlandish name!*—a name which operates like an *emetic* to the man that *mouths* it! This consideration reminds us of a certain *medical* quack, who, in *his* line, is as great a *mongrel* as the *musical quack* to whom we allude. After having, by dint of *impudence*, raised himself from a *licensed chicken-butcher*, into a *butcher of men, by Patent Royal!* he took it into his head to ape the *gentleman*, and hired a master to teach him to *read*, and *talk grammar*, as he called it. But a prudent friend soon checked his ambitious hopes, and convinced him, that all his chance of success depended on his *mongrel-ship*. "The moment (he observed) you lay aside your *outlandish* character, and talk *English*—that moment, depend upon it, you will lose all your *custom*. 'Tis your *damn'd crabbed name*,

name, and your *outlandish jargon*, that you have to thank for the fees you pocket.

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *June* 12, 1800.

THE LIE OF THE DAY—*O'Keefe.* THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE—*A. Murphy.* PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb.*

THE performances of this evening were for the Benefit of Mr. O'KEEFE, a Gentleman, whose pen has, perhaps, contributed in a larger degree than that of any writer living to the amusement and gratification of the public; but who, we are sorry to add, has been severely visited by the afflicting* dispensations of Providence. As such, the alacrity and zeal, with which the PROPRIETORS of Covent Garden Theatre have espoused his cause, afford us the highest satisfaction; and we were greatly pleased to witness the gratitude of the public towards a Dramatist, who has so well deserved the patronage they on this occasion accorded him. The Performers, likewise, are entitled to every commendation for their kind exertions in behalf of a writer, whose Muse has rendered them essential service; and furnished them with the fairest opportunities of gaining upon the public favour and good-will. Whatever supercilious critics, and carping *Zoilus'es* may alledge, Mr. O'KEEFE has done more for the stage, than the whole herd of *German Play-dressers* and *dishers-*

* Mr. O'KEEFE labours under Blindness.

up of foreign nonsense, impregnated with the *leaven* of their own brain. He has treated us with a *true English bill of fare*; he has provided us with broad farce and humour. But never has he provoked a *laugh* at the expence of *principle*; never has he lent his co-operation to the subversion of the fundamentals of morality, by the introduction of modern philosophy and German illumination. On the contrary, he has made his appeal to the heart in support of those duties, moral and civil, which endear man to man, and knit together in close compact the bonds of social order.

In addition to the regular attractions of the Theatre, Mr. QUICK, who has not appeared on the boards of Covent-Garden for these three years past, came forward this evening, in the character of *Alibi*, in *The Lie of the Day*, and that of *Drugget* in the After-piece. Mrs. JORDAN likewise kindly volunteered her assistance, as *Lady Racket*, in *Three Weeks after Marriage.* Both these Performers were received with tumultuous applause by the audience.

All life, sprightliness, and gaiety, as he uniformly is, seldom have we seen Mr. LEWIS display those enviable qualities to so much advantage as he did this evening. He evidently acted under the influence of the most expanded benevolence, and his powers, which are always exerted with the sincerest wish to please, appeared to receive additional charms from a consciousness of the generous and laudable motives which, on this occasion, called forth those

powers

powers into action. It was a tribute paid to friendship, to philanthropy, to virtue!

At the end of the second Act, Mr. O'KEEFE delivered a beautiful *poetical address*, written by himself, and referring to his own immediate circumstances and person. A more interesting, feeling, and pathetic composition never was heard on the Stage. It excited the tear of sensibility in many an eye, and was received with rapture by a sympathizing audience. We present our readers with a copy—

☞ *The Lines marked* between Crotchets, *were omitted in the Delivery.*

OF the Great Maker's works, a creature mean,
But little known, "unseeing and unseen,"
Not conscious of a purpose, it begins,
And from itself the silken fibres spins;
Wrapt in its downy woof, supine it lies,
Its task when finish'd, to appearance—*dies!*
Ev'n some such thing am I—not seen before;
My fabrications yet you often wore.
Tho' fate may change a man into a worm,
What gloss can into silk my stuff transform?
" A worm is unaccommodated man,"
So Shakspear's humble, true idea ran;
Shining in strength, for ornament and use,
The beauteous satin did the Bard produce:
Bright were his flow'ry silks; their native hues
Like Nature's flow'rs, fresh, wet with morning dews.
Still thro' my woof the worsted would entwine,
A sort of *Irish Tabinet* was mine;
My silk was smooth, yet course its other half,
It touch'd, and tickling, made the wearer laugh.
[" With *coarse* and *broad*; and *Whim, and where's the plot?*
" And *Pun* and *Equivoque*; and Lord knows what!
" So chime the hacknied phrases of the day,
" As malice leads weak prejudice astray."]

First came my farces, shot with cheerful song,
Those pieces to the *lute-string* class belong.
On *Cowslip Taffata* was praise bestow'd;
A *Kentish Farmer*, I made quite the *mode*.
Now *Tabbies* grave, and sable *Paduasoy*,
And flimsy *Sarsenet* could my hours employ.
The female mind in rainbow tints I trac'd,
And *Royal Purple* has my pieces grac'd!
But now I'm *shelv'd*, you now must be array'd
In home-spun robes of German stiff brocade!
Tho' silk-worm-like, the poet feeds on leaves,
What poet from the Bay his food receives?
Ah! no! from Spencer's, Butler's, Otway's doom,
The Bay can only flourish on the tomb!
When past their labour, Bards should eat no more,
But sleep, till wing'd to kinder worlds they soar!
Those hapless spinners of the treasur'd mind
Have flown, and left immortal woofs behind;
The clear distinction their examples give,
'Twixt those who live, to write; and write, to live.
May future Bards, Good God! my prayer oh grant!
Instead of *silk-worm*, emulate the *ant!*

My early and my ardent wish was fame!
What Bard dare say he does not feel the same?
To mend your morals, was my next desire;
Vice I'd consume, had I "a Muse of fire!"
'Twere affectation, should I seem to hide
Those feelings that alone can sanction pride;
Condemn the boast (your anger I'll endure)
That when *not* poor myself, I lov'd the poor.
Inur'd to peril, and experience taught,
Stage battles, six-and-thirty, I have fought;
Some twenty years ago my breath to yield,
With flying colours, I had quit the field;
To modern jokes you'd cry, and shake the head,
"This you call fun? ah! sign O'Keefe—is dead!"

For me the gods in claps have thund'ring roar'd :
Now " every puny whipster gets my sword!"
The wonder great, in writing to succeed,
When what I *write*, alas! I cannot *read!*
I cannot ponder o'er my infant line,
To dress, correct, change, polish, and refine:
Repeatedly I must my nonsense hear,
Fancy was baited thro' my wearied ear.
Uncertain the event, the labour great,
The poet, and his writer too, must eat.
Kind were my friends here of the mimic trade,
Of my weak efforts still the most they made:
And as my dullness o'er their skill prevail'd,
Their bounty comes, when all their patience fail'd!
A struggling Milton on this globe has been;
Also a beggar blind of Bethnal Green;
Though Milton's genius scorns * *this* poor abode,
The beggar's thanks are in *this* † *bosom* stow'd.
The silk worm, Shakspear, plants *himself* a tree,
But *you* have given the leaves of mulberry.
This deed humane for heavenly joys will sue,
Should I go first, above I'll plead for you.

It was truly gratifying to witness the feelings of the audience on this occasion. The Theatre literally resounded with shouts of heart-felt applause, which were reiterated at every pause, even to the interruption of the speaker who delivered the Address. Mr. O'KEEFE must have felt highly flattered by these incontestible demonstrations of public favour and predilection, to which he possesses the fairest claim. 'Twas a tribute due, on the part of the audience, for past and faithful services.

We were particularly pleased with the friendly

* Pointing to his head.

† Laying his hand emphatically upon his heart.

offices

offices and polite attention paid to Mr. O'KEEFE, by the Manager. Mr. LEWIS, in person, conducted him on the Stage, and was affected, even to tears, with the *Address*. Such *traits* do honour, not merely to the individual, but to human nature. We dwell on this subject with delight. A feeling and commiserating heart is a prouder distinction than the most brilliant talents and acquirements. Mr. LEWIS possesses both in an equal degree.

Nor ought we to pass over unnoticed Mr. INCLEDON's obliging condescension in singing, this evening, STEEVENS's much-admired and celebrated Description of a *Storm*. This is a favour, we believe, which he has refused to every other applicant, reserving this Song solely and exclusively for his own Benefit.

At the close of the Performance which terminated the present Season, Mr. LEWIS came forward and addressed the Audience in the following speech:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"THOUGH it is the custom for us to render our thanks to you at the end of the Season, yet give me leave to assure you, in the name of the Proprietors and the Performers of this Theatre, that in expressing our feelings on this occasion, we are not influenced by a mere conformity to custom, but deliver the sincere effusions of gratitude: and permit me to add, that, in every future Season, it will be our ambition to deserve, and our pride to acknowledge, your kindness and protection."

To CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

MR. SLUGDEN's change of opinion, in our favour, affords us pleasure; but we must beg his leave to defer our remarks on the Play he mentions till

till next Season, when it, no doubt, will be reproduced.

We have received a letter from a correspondent at *Limehouse*, apprizing us, that the fame of the great *music-man* has extended itself, by means of our last week's publication, to a quarter where it was never heard of before, and calling upon us to rectify our inadvertency in omitting to specify the *street*, as well as the *number* of the house, where this modern *Orpheus* resides. Our correspondent justly observes, that without this necessary *addendum* to the information we gave last week, any attempt to trace out the *music-man* from our description, would prove as toilsome, and most probably as fruitless a search, as "looking for a needle in a hay-stack." Be it known, then, to the worthy inhabitants of *Wapping*, *Rotherhithe*, *Shadwell*, *Limehouse*, &c. that this great *music-man* resides at N° 32, Great Portland Street, Mary-le-Bonne. Mr. SAUNDERS, therefore, may easily satisfy himself, either by personal application, or by letter, on the subject of his enquiries relative to the terms of furnishing music for *hops*, *weddings*, and similar occasions of jollification.

The Readers of the DRAMATIC CENSOR are respectfully informed, that, after the publication of No. XXVI. which will contain the *Supplement*, *Index*, *General Title*, &c. to the Second Volume, this work will, during the Summer months, be published *Monthly*, and so continue till the opening of the Winter Theatres. It is our intention to give it a more *miscellaneous* and diversified character.

FINE

FINE ARTS, &c.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

FOR THE YEAR 1800.

NUMBER VI.

No. 674. *Her* MAJESTY, *a whole length, painted in Enamel by* H. BONE, *Enamel-Painter to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

(Continued from page 230).

HAVING expatiated at considerable length in No. XXII. on the durability and permanency of *enamel painting*, we proceed now to offer a few remarks on the *great national purposes* to which this branch of the Arts may, and ought to be applied. When we reflect on the voluminous works which have been published to illustrate the records of former times; (we are not speaking of the remote ages of antiquity, but of a few centuries back) when we consider how little we are acquainted, even in reference to the history of our own country, with the modes, the fashions, the dress, and customs of our ancestors some few hundred years ago, we cannot but wish to see an art taken up, as a *national concern*, which is competent to preserve for centuries the exact similitude of things now existing, and to pourtray in just and lively colours, the very character of the age in which the Artist lived; so that the remotest posterity shall, at a glance, be enabled to ascertain our mode of dress, our partialities, our manners; in one word, every thing which forms the peculiar characteristic of the age.

Let us pursue this idea, and carry it a little farther back. Let us suppose, that the art of *enamel-painting* had been known and practised by the Greeks and Romans. In that case, should we be so woefully in the dark, respecting all those topics of information we have pointed out above, and on which subject so much time, study,

study, and labour, have been employed, and so many thousands of volumes written to very little effect? Should we, in that case, be so ignorant of the ancient forms of dress, the fashion of ancient instruments, weapons, inventions, &c.? So ignorant in every branch of antiquarian knowledge? Can gems, ſtatues, still less written description, convey to us so accurate an idea of the person, the look, the features of great and illustrious characters who have deserved well of mankind, and whose memory ought to be cherished, as a *painting in enamel*, which presents us not only with a general similitude, but shews us the very complexion of the face, the colour of the hair, the eyes, the colour of the dress; in short, is identical nature in miniature? How infinitely valuable would a collection of *enamel-paintings* of the Roman Emperors, the ancient Philosophers, Historians, Poets, and Artists be? What light would not such a collection throw upon the study of History!

Again, if we reflect on the influence such an art, judiciously and *nationally* applied, would have upon the politics and manners of the empire, we must acknowledge that it is a subject highly entitled to the notice and intervention of the *Legislature*. We all know that the thirst for fame and immortality constitutes one of the most powerful principles of human action. We all know that the most heroic deeds and atchievements have emanated from this source. Hence it is, that public honours are decreed to the brave and gallant assertors of their country's liberty and rights.—Hence it is, that monuments are erected, to perpetuate their memory, and the chizzel of the statuary, employed to give form and shape to the lifeless stone. Hence *Naval Pillars* are decreed in honour of our naval exploits.

Now let us consider how infinitely better these patriotic views would be answered, by *enamel-painting*. Independent of the prodigious expence attendant on the erection of monuments, statues, pillars, &c. we ought to bear in mind the advantage which painting has over the sister arts, in this respect, that it give us, as we before observed, not only the form, but the very colour and complexion of the individual. Again, it is worthy of remark, that statues, monumental pillars, &c. from their very nature, are not capable

of being brought into one general point of observation, but are necessarily scattered in different places. Now *enamels* from their size, might be made of all meritorious public characters, and yet be comprized in a regular series in the dimensions of one room or saloon, so as to admit of being brought into one general point of view. This, it cannot be denied, is an object of great importance; and when we further consider, that they are not exposed to those accidents to which statues, monuments, and oil paintings are liable, that neither damp nor heat injure them, it certainly must be allowed, that the legislature would act wisely in taking up the question on a grand and national scale. 'Tis the prerogative of the *enamel-painter* to transmit to future generations, the portraits of our DUNCANS, VINCENTS, NELSONS, and other gallant defenders of their country. 'Tis the prerogative of the *enamel-painter* to immortalize the *person*, as their works have already done the *memory* of our NEWTONS, MILTONS, SHAKESPEARS, and other literary characters.

We know, indeed, that many individuals, who sit for their portraits, or wish to have the portraits of their friends, feel surprized, when they are informed, that *enamel-paintings* cost twice the sum paid for common miniatures. But are they fully aware of the essential difference between these two branches of the Arts? Are they aware that the colours of a common miniature will fade in a few years, and totally vanish, if exposed to damp; whereas *enamel painting* preserves its colours in their pristine glow, for centuries? Are they aware that the *enamelist* does not work upon a perishable piece of ivory, but upon a vitrified substance hard as flint, and made from flinty materials? Are they aware, that all his colours are fluxed and fused in the fire! that they pass through the flames repeatedly, till they attain their proper depth and richness? and that they frequently fly to shivers in the annealing? Are they aware of the great experimental chymical knowledge, *enameling* requires? the *niceness* of the operation, the precariousness of the process? I they duly weigh and consider all these circumstances, they cannot, we are persuaded, wonder at the difference in the price between *common miniatures* and *miniatures in enamel*; and if they consult their

own

own interest, if they consult even cheapness, they must prefer *enamel-painting*, for a cabinet portrait, to every other.

As a proof of the perfection to which the art is capable of being brought, we need only refer to the present picture of her MAJESTY, which possesses all the soberness, repose, and softness of the finest oil panting. It is totally free from that vitrified appearance, which detracts from the merits of most artists in this branch, and beams all that loveliness and calm benignity, which so eminently distinguish the person of our beloved and gracious QUEEN. Mr. BONE has atchieved a master-piece, which places him at the head of the art he follows. We rejoice in his success, and wish to see his merit patronized to the measure of his deserts.

COUNCIL ROOM.

Nos. 311, 312, 313. *Scenes from the Deserted Village, for Dr. Rovaray's new Edition of Dr. Goldsmith's Poems.*

OF these pictures, the first and last are by F. WHEATLEY, R. A. They are clear, and tasty in the composition, accompanied with great expression of tenderness in the female figures.

No. 312, by W. HAMILTON, R. A. is very inferior to its companions, by the former artist. The whole is poorly put together, and totally destitute of that pleasing simplicity which ought to form the characteristic of scenes of this description.

No. 314. *Buildwas Abbey, Shropshire.*—M. A. ROOKER, A.

NATURE coldly depicted. But the handling is beautiful, and the *figures* are introduced with great taste.

No. 328. *View of the Gothic Abbey, (Afternoon) now building at Fonthill, the Seat of Wm. Beckford, Esq.*—W. TURNER, A.

Mr. TURNER has furnished several Views of Fonthill for this Exhibition, among which we give the preference to the present article. As all the drawings by this Artist are distinguished by the same characteristic beauties and defects, we shall content ourselves

with a general critique on his performances, briefly observing, that if we have any predilection, it is in favour of the *View of Caernarvon Castle*, No. 351. Had Mr. TURNER exhibited but two or three drawings, we should have entertained a higher opinion of their merits; but now, on comparing his numerous works together, he appears to have fallen into a monotony of colouring, not consonant with *English* nature. Indeed, without the information conveyed in the *Catalogue*, it would be impossible to ascertain the *time of day* intended to be represented. The general breadth of effect, indeed, is charming, and the handling equally fascinating, but, as has been judiciously observed, his pictures are but middle grounds and distances. The want of definition in the foreground, communicates an unfinished air to the whole, and would tempt the observer to suspect that the Artist had but a very superficial knowledge of form. Our reason for giving the preference to the present View, independent of its occurring first in the order of rotation, is because the broken fore-ground relieves the eye from the tiresome repetition of tint to be found in the other works of this Artist. These drawings possess one very great beauty in particular, which entitles them to high commendation—to wit, the masterly manner in which the hungry look of the white paper is done away. This gives them an air of decided superiority.

No. 335. *King David prostrate at the Altar—a Drawing in Oil-colours.*—B. WEST, R. A.

THIS is a very spirited performance, with great truth and accuracy of drawing. But we think the Artist would have improved the general effect of his picture, which is designed to represent the penitence of a pious King, by exhibiting him in an attitude more consonant to the idea of humility and contrition. We allude to the circumstance of David's wearing his crown, which, in our opinion, he ought to have taken off his head, in token of veneration and respectful homage to that Deity at whose footstool he postrates himself, to deprecate the vengeance of incensed Omnipotence.

No. 359. *Portrait of Mr. Salter.*—L. J. COSSE.

CLEAR, firm, and animated. The head is boldly handled, and appears as if starting from the canvas.

No. 367. *View in Wales.*—P. SANDLEY, R. A.

A MOST beautiful and captivating picture, presenting us with a pleasing view of nature, and executed in the highest stile of excellence. The handling is spirited, the colouring brilliant, yet chaste, the figures well drawn and interesting. The *tout ensemble* evinces the hand of a consummate master.

To pass from a consideration of the works of an Artist to the character of the Artist himself, is a digression, for which, in ordinary cases, some apology might be due to our readers. But we cannot resist the present opportunity of paying a just tribute to the many amiable qualities which characterize this Gentleman, and render him not more universally known and admired, as an Artist, than beloved and respected as a man. Urbanity, mildness, and affability, endear him to all who have the honour of his acquaintance.

No. 376. *Portraits of the Miss Lushingtons, &c.*—J. DOWNMAN, A.

THIS is a *compound* article, consisting of five several pictures, in different frames. The *central frame* contains the portraits of the Miss LUSHINGTONS, and is a work of great taste, in which we scarcely know what part most to admire. If any preference is due, we should bestow it on the head of the younger lady, which is peculiarly sweet and graceful.

The *Catalogue*, which, to the disgrace of a ROYAL ACADEMY, is remarkable for its *blunders!* mentions the name of a *Lady* among the four surrounding portraits, but we have not been able to discover her.

No. 395. *Portrait of Mr. G. Heath.*—H. P. BONE.

REMARKABLY clear in the colouring, the effect broad, and the whole in a very fine tone.

No. 423. *Queen Judith relating to Alfred the Great, when a Child, the Songs of the Bards, describing the heroic Deeds of his Ancestors.*—B. WESTALL, R. A.

IT is with pleasure we see the Arts applied to purposes of national honour; and we rejoice therefore in being able to compliment Mr. WESTALL on the success of his present undertaking.—The composition is simple and unaffected; the expression true; the colouring at once rich and harmonious, accompanied with great force and breadth of shade. Indeed the whole may justly be pronounced a charming work of art.

The same remarks apply to No. 429, by the same Artist, though we give the preference to the present article.

No. 434. *Portrait of Mr. Cole.*—B. BURNELL.

A picture which does honour to the Artist; the colour is clear, and the whole firmly handled.

No. 439. *Ruins of Vespasian's Amphitheatre, Rome.*—R. COOPER.

THIS work involves a fine display of light and shade, with great freedom of handling, at the same time that it is highly finished.

No. 461. *View on the Thames.*—J. GREEN.

IT is with no small degree of difficulty, thanks to the taste, the candour, and the impartiality of the *Hanging Committee!* that we have been able to trace out this picture, which hangs within a few inches of the floor, and can only be contemplated in a *kneeling* or *recumbent* posture, and is further concealed from view by the intervention of the door. These obstacles, however, instead of abating, only augmented our desire to appreciate its claims; and, on a close inspection, we had the satisfaction, in reward for the trouble we incurred, to find it a work of no mean merit. The *chiaro-scuro* is ably managed, and the whole drawn in a warm glowing tone of colour.

ANTIQUE ACADEMY.

No. 511. *Portrait of a Lion in the Tower.*—J. WARD.

THIS is a bold animated picture. The Artist has given character to his subject, and infused an air of majesty, corresponding with the idea we annex to the King of Beasts. The penciling is uncommonly beautiful, the effect broad, and the whole coloured in an agreeable tone.

No. 523. *Portrait of Mr. Bourke.*—M. A. SHEE, R. A.

WE have long been in the habit of admiring the works of this Artist; so much so, that prior to his elevation to the dignity of an R. A. we pointed him out as a fit person to step into the first vacancy that might occur in the *Academy*. Mr. SHEE may, perhaps, still remember the *critiques* which appeared in a certain *Morning Paper* (The DAILY ADVERTISER) two years ago, and which spoke so favourably of his productions, that he was suspected of having *biassed* the writer. In consequence of such surmises, he wrote a letter to the *Editor*, which, at his request, was inserted in the Paper, stating his utter ignorance of the author of the *critiques* in question. These *critiques* were furnished by the EDITOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, and as we then were, so we still remain, personal strangers to Mr. SHEE. We speak of him merely as a *public character*; we comment upon his productions as works submitted to *public inspection*, and which, therefore, are fair objects of *public criticism*. As on all occasions, so does it in the present instance, afford us infinitely greater pleasure to be able to *applaud* than to *disapprove*; and we sincerely rejoice that Mr. SHEE, in the aggregate, gives us an opportunity of indulging our natural disposition in this respect. His portraits rank unquestionably among the best in the rooms; they are distinguished by boldness and decision; his colouring is clear and chaste; and he claims considerable praise for his contempt of those meretricious arts, that trickery, glare, and tawdriness of tint, on which but too many of the Knights of the

Brush

Brush found, and (to the disgrace of the public taste) realise their hopes of success.

No. 533. *The Woodman at Dinner.*—L. J Cosse.

The composition of this picture is pleasing, and conceived with great taste. It is finished with uncommon care, yet without falling into the extreme of *littleness*.

No. 543. *A Child defended by its Guardian Angel, and* No. 544. *A Sleeping Infant defended by Angels.*—Miss Spilsbury.

These two pictures evince a considerable portion of taste and elegant fancy. The idea of No. 543, which represents an angel combating a serpent that menaces the child's life, is truly poetical. The groupe of angels in No. 544, is likewise happily conceived, and the whole finished with great care.

No. 553. *The Prodigal Son.*—Chiappini.

We notice this article for its *negative* properties—to wit, turgidity, and a total want of taste. 'Tis, indeed, a moot point, whether it be most faulty in the composition, or in the colouring.

No. 554. *A Thunder-Storm breaking away, &c. View in a Forest, near the Town of Lude, in the Bishoprick of Padderborn, Westphalia.*—R. R. Renigale.

This picture maintains a high rank among the landscapes in the present Exhibition. It may indeed be truly termed a perfect transcript of nature. The colouring is beautifully clear and harmonious; the light and shade managed with masterly skill; the scene highly pleasing and picturesque; and the distances are so charmingly preserved, that the eye might almost be beguiled into a belief of its reality.

(To be continued.)

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